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CLIFFORD'S UNEXPECTED RESTORATION TO HIS FRIENDS.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN RUSSIA.

A TALE OF THE TIME OF CATHERINE II.

CHAPTER LXI.—FEODORA'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.
—SORROW, AND A PILGRIMAGE TO SAREPTA.

We had been more than a week at Cherson, and several attempts made by Mr. Penrhyn to obtain
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an audience of Prince Potemkin had failed. One evening, after so long an absence from our hotel as to excite the alarm of his servant, who seemed to think his master not very safe except when favoured with his personal attendance, Mr. Penrhyn returned in unusually good spirits.

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"I have met with an old acquaintance of yours, Miss Graham," he said.

"Of mine, sir? I did not know that I had an acquaintance at Cherson."

"It is so, nevertheless," he continued. "You remember your fellow-passenger on board the 'Mary Ann'?"

The start I gave was surely very natural—that is to say, it was very natural I should think of Mr. Penrhyn's own nephew, and it was very natural, likewise, that I should say, "How glad I am!" and so warmly, that Mr. Penrhyn was for a moment surprised.

"I am glad that you are glad, my dear young lady, he said with great composure. "If I had known—but I shall have the pleasure of introducing Mr. Wilson to you to-morrow."

"Mr. Wilson!" If my colour had rapidly risen a minute before, it as rapidly faded now. "I hoped—that is, I thought—you had been so happy as to find your nephew, sir," I said.

[Let me remark here, in a parenthesis, that Mr. Penrhyn was very punctilious about "intruding" on me, as he said. Nevertheless, when we occasionally met, he freely conversed with me on almost every subject except his nephew; and I could but observe, what seemed very strange to me, that he never willingly introduced *his* name. Had I not been convinced of the contrary by many proofs, I might have imagined that they had parted in displeasure, or that the young man had in some way grievously disappointed his uncle.]

Mr. Penrhyn shook his head mournfully. "Ah! no," he replied; "I meant Wilson, who assisted in clearing the wreck. He seems a worthy man, and you will be glad to see him a prosperous man also."

"Certainly, sir; but I hoped—I mean I am afraid—you have heard no tidings yet of—"

"Of Penrhyn Clifford. No, my dear Miss Graham; but I hope to end this uncertainty soon. I am promised an interview with Potemkin to-morrow, and I shall better know then what course to take."

Nothing more was said that evening about what I knew was so near to Mr. Penrhyn's heart and mine; and on the following day the person of whom my kind friend had spoken, called by appointment at our hotel.

I had not forgotten my fellow-passenger, Wilson, certainly, but I remembered him as a rough, though pleasant-looking, good-humoured, and intelligent mechanic; and I was surprised at being introduced to a gentlemanly personage, in a rich naval uniform. I was still more surprised when I found that Mr. Penrhyn was looking for his assistance in gaining access to the busy Governor and Commander-in-Chief. It was so, however; and, after a few minutes' conversation, they departed on that errand.

Two or three hours passed away, and then Mr. Penrhyn returned alone. He entered the room in which he had left me, and the changed expression of his countenance filled me with alarm. I ventured to speak to him, to hope that he had heard no ill tidings.

"Almost as ill as can be," he whispered faintly.

I must have been unutterably selfish if I had been so absorbed in my own sorrows as not to have

shared in those of my generous friend. I ventured to express my sympathy; and with a strong effort, as I could perceive, Mr. Penrhyn compelled himself to speak of the evil tidings which had reached him, though the following particulars of the conversation which ensued were detailed at another and happier time.

He had been admitted to the presence of the Prince, who received him kindly, and listened gravely.

He had received the despatch of which Mr. Penrhyn spoke, Potemkin said, and had, after due consideration, returned an answer, releasing the "over-scrupulous" young Englishman from his engagements to the Czarina, and giving him permission to return to St. Petersburg, or to go wherever else it might please him. Had the merchant received no tidings from him of a later date, he asked.

Mr. Penrhyn said, None. The Prince was a long time silent. At length he spoke: "You are not aware, then, sir merchant, that your nephew took more kindly to arms than to diplomacy, and preferred serving the Empress as a soldier?"

"Your Excellency, no," said Mr. Penrhyn in some trepidation. "I should not have thought it very probable; and, imploring your highness to pardon me, who am only a peaceful citizen, I trust—"

"I trust, Gaspodin Penrhyn, you see nothing in the profession of arms so excessively derogatory to the high dignity of your nephew," said the Prince hastily and haughtily. "And I hold you to be too good a citizen, albeit a peaceful one, as you observe, to object to the young man's spending a little of his blood in her Majesty's service."

"Your Excellency does me only justice in attributing to me such loyalty as so humble an individual as myself may feel, in return for the protection I have long enjoyed in her Majesty's dominions," said Mr. Penrhyn evasively; "but the intelligence of the event at which your Excellency has hinted, takes me by surprise."

"I have heavier tidings yet, my good friend," said the Prince abruptly, but kindly; "and therefore would I willingly have dispensed with this interview. But what matters?" he added; "we must all die, sir merchant; and whether it be early or late, in the field or on the bed, it comes to the same thing. Gaspodin Penrhyn, I grieve to have to inform you that—but read this despatch," he continued, selecting one from a heap which lay on his table, and pushing it towards Mr. Penrhyn. "You will see there all the information I can give you on the subject."

With trembling hands, you may be sure, and a heart overcharged with terrible apprehensions, the anxious uncle held and rapidly glanced his eye over the paper. It was some weeks old, and, among other items of military intelligence, of little interest to Mr. Penrhyn, he found a laconic statement that a party of lancers, under the command of a junior officer, accompanied by the young English volunteer, Clifford, when on a reconnoitring expedition had been entrapped in an ambuscade and totally massacred by the enemy; "on whom, however"—so it concluded—"ample vengeance has been taken by the undersigned—SUWARROW."

"If Miss Graham is prepared for so sudden a

departure, we will leave Cherson to-morrow," said my kind friend to me, when he had briefly told me the result of his interview with the Prince. "There is nothing more left me to do here."

Little power had I to comfort him; and may I not say that the tidings fell very heavy on my own heart? It could not be that Penrhyn Clifford was more to me than another, except that he had once saved my life. But it seemed to my disturbed mind as though all who had shown kindness to the poor orphan girl were to be involved in some strange and fearful doom: Natalia; poor, guilty Ivanoff; my friends and protectors at Semeonovskoye; the little Katrina; and now my large-hearted, affectionate, and disinterested guardian, Penrhyn Clifford, too; I could but think of him, as I remembered him on that night of the shipwreck, when he rescued me from the fearful death with which I was threatened; and then I thought of his violent and untimely end. What power had I to speak comfort?

It may seem strange that neither Mr. Penrhyn, nor Mr. Wilson, when he came to take leave of us in the evening, nor Barton, thought for a moment of questioning the truth of the fatal intelligence, and that no one suggested the possibility of poor Penrhyn's escape from the slaughter in which he had been involved. But, indeed, those who knew anything of the nature of the warfare which was then raging in the Crimea, could have ventured to indulge such a conjecture; and the despatch of General Suwarrow was so distinct as to the entire destruction of the small party, as to destroy so wild a hope had it been for a moment formed.

And so, sorrowfully—oh! how sorrowfully—we made brief preparations for our journey over hundreds of miles of desolate steppes, towards my haven of refuge.

Yet did I, as I remember, attempt to dissuade Mr. Penrhyn from the generous charge he had undertaken. But he would not listen. All places were alike to him now, he said; and at Sarepta—yes, he would go to Sarepta.

So we commenced our journey to Sarepta; and were I disposed to tire you, dear reader, I might recount the toils of that long and tedious pilgrimage over barren plains, where for days together not a tree nor shrub appeared in sight to vary the scene; and no habitations of men, save the dark, low tent of some nomadic shepherd, whose flocks were scattered far and wide over the dry, thirsty ground, in search of scanty nutriment. I might tell of nights passed sleeplessly in wretched post-houses; of Cossack *yametchiks*; of carriage-wheels broken and repaired; of roads which seemed hopelessly impracticable, but the difficulties of which were surmounted by extraordinary exertions of our drivers calling to their aid troops of half-wild, shaggy ponies from the surrounding steppe, under the direction of half naked, half savage natives, who seemed always at hand when their services were required, though at all other times the road seemed deserted and solitary. I could tell of the miserable towns through which we passed, and the rumours of wars which reached our ears. All this and more might I expand and spread over many pages; but I will not so far abuse the traveller's privilege, the less that my part of this narrative has already had its full share of sorrowful and

perplexing remembrances; and I would fain conclude it in a livelier measure and more cheerful strain.

Think, then, dear sympathizing friend and reader, that the steppe is passed; that the turbid Don has been crossed; that the last stage of the forty or fifty miles between that river and the Volga is over; and that poor Feodora, her kind fatherly friend, Barton his servant, and Mava mine, are quietly resting from the fatigues of our journey in a pleasant inn, kept by a kindly German, who carried on the trade of a blacksmith also, and the ringing of iron on the anvil from whose forge rang in our ears from morning till night.

I was not disappointed in the welcome I had hoped to receive. One of the elders of the Brethren remembered my father, and from him I received much kindness. In short, we had not been many days in Sarepta before I was invited to join a household composed of the unmarried sisters of the community; and in their society I hoped to lose in time the oppressive sense of terror which I had never ceased to feel since that fearful night at Semeonovskoye.

If I had taken refuge at Sarepta, destitute as well as sorrowful, I think I should have received much substantial kindness as well as sympathy from the Brethren and Sisters there; but Mr. Penrhyn took care that this trial of their generosity should not be made. "You are my ward," he said; "I have little to care for or hope for, now that *he* is gone, and you must not—Miss Graham, must not—be so cruel as to deprive me of the gratification. Let me have one being in the world to love and cherish." So the princely, generous man continued to be my guardian, and I was to him as an adopted daughter.

We walked together sometimes in the pleasant country around Sarepta, where the effects of civilization and industry were distinctly seen, though twenty years had not passed away since the colony was founded. Pretty farm-houses, peeping out of young plantations of poplars and fruit-trees, and surrounded by rich green pasture lands and highly cultivated fields, enclosed by trimly kept hedges, gave a different aspect to the scene, from that to which I had been accustomed in serf-bound Russia. The town itself was as unlike a Russian town as could well be conceived. The streets were wide, with poplar trees lining them on either side; the houses bright and clean; and the bustling, busy, yet cheerful look of the inhabitants was in strong and striking contrast with the appearance of stolid resignation to which I had been accustomed. The cause was obvious enough; the inhabitants of Sarepta were *free*, and they were *religious*.

We walked together sometimes, Mr. Penrhyn and I, accompanied by Mava, into the quiet and smiling country; and now, instead of avoiding the subject, he constantly spoke of Penrhyn Clifford. With trembling lips indeed, and a full heart, yet with melancholy pleasure, he dwelt on those traits of character which had endeared his nephew so much to himself—his frank, openhearted manners, his affectionate solicitude to please, his contempt of danger, his merry smiles, his serious thoughtfulness, his happy, guileless countenance: all was remembered then.

"And if it had pleased God in his providence to spare his life, and he had been returned to me again——" he said, one day.

"Yes sir," I responded, when I found that he stopped short.

"No matter, my dear child"—Mr. Penrhyn called me his dear child oftener than anything else—"it was a day dream which has passed away like other day dreams; and I was but thinking aloud. You shall see his letters," he added, afterwards; "the letters he wrote to me from the Crimea."

And I saw the letters; and did not wonder that they were a source of consolation to my guardian.

We had been a few weeks at Sarepta when Mr. Penrhyn, who had hired a small house which he furnished and placed under the stewardship of Barton, announced to me that he was on the eve of a journey which might occupy some time.

"A journey, sir! not to the Crimea?" for, I know not why, a wild hope sprang up at that moment in my heart, that Penrhyn Clifford was not dead. But it sank again.

"No, not to the Crimea," he said, in a melancholy tone; why should he go the Crimea? No, probably to Moscow, or it might be even to St. Petersburg. Would I be a good dear child, and take great care of myself while he was gone? he asked smiling.

I promised, smiling also: and thus we parted. He travelled alone, leaving Barton at Sarepta to take care of his house, and perhaps of poor little me also; and, as I afterwards found, placing in his hands a will, in which my name was mentioned, oh, how generously! so that, were his life cut short, I should not be left unprotected.

Sarepta seemed a solitary place when he was gone; but I was not idle there; indeed, if I had been, I should have been the only idle person in the community. How I employed myself, however, is of little consequence to the reader; nor what my designs or hopes were when I thought of Sarepta as a place of refuge: for whatever they were, they were never put into effect and fulfilled.

A month passed away—two months—before Mr. Penrhyn returned. At length he came back; it was in the depth of winter.

On the first evening after his return, when we met, he placed in my hands a parchment. It was poor Maya's manumission; and the object of his journey had been to purchase her freedom from serfdom from the Czarina, who had assumed the management of the Semeonovskoye estate, during the infancy of little Katrina. He had had some difficulty, he said, in accomplishing this object; but he succeeded at last. He knew it would please his dear child to give freedom to even one slave, he said.

CHAPTER LXII.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

I THINK, after all, it must have been rather dull (it is "I," the writer of this history, who speaks now, and not "I," the Feodora). It must have been rather dull, I say, for an elderly gentleman

of active habits, like our friend Gilbert Penrhyn, to settle himself down in a peaceful and busy community like that of the Moravian colony at Sarepta, himself being the only unemployed person in the place. I fairly confess that I don't know how he got through the remainder of the winter, after his return from his benevolent journey northward. He couldn't have taken his library with him; and I doubt if in the whole colony there was as much literature as would have sufficed to fill a moderate sized book-case. There was not a reading society or a book-club at Sarepta, I am pretty certain; and I am equally sure that there was no daily post to deliver the "St. Petersburg Gazette," or "Moscow Times," at his breakfast table, two or three days after publication; that there was no Sarepta "Leisure Hour," or "Sunday at Home," to occupy his stray minutes; and that monthly magazines and quarterly reviews were never seen there. I don't think, either, that, for want of anything better to do, our respected friend ever thought of writing a book: if he did, he was very reserved about it, and too modest, when it was finished, to send it to press.

I think he felt lonely also, our ex-merchant. No doubt, the thought of his nephew and his death weighed greatly on his spirits; and among the staid German Brethren by whom he was surrounded, good worthy men though they were, he failed in finding a companion. To be sure, there was the excellent pastor of the community, whose name I never heard, but whom I may call pastor Grimm, who was a gentleman of sound sense and fervent piety, and an excellent spirit, with whom Mr. Penrhyn held many interesting conversations and debates, no doubt; but the pastor Grimm had his flock to feed and watch over; and could not, at all events, be ready for conversing and debating at any hour of the day, if Gilbert Penrhyn had been unreasonable enough to exact it of him, which, you may be sure, he was not.

Yes, I think our good friend felt lonely, solitary, dull. He talked to Barton about it, and Barton recommended him to travel. No, he had had travelling enough; and besides, he could not go away again, at present, and leave "the dear child" at Sarepta alone with Maya.

Suppose he were to buy a farm, then? There was something feasible in that at first thought; but at second thoughts it was dismissed; for he had no intention of permanently abiding at Sarepta, nor in any part of Russia; was not England his native place and home? It would be painful, no doubt, to return there now that Penrhyn—but—no; he should not try a farm.

Perhaps Barton might have said, "take a wife;" but there were two considerations which withheld him from this. The first was, Mr. Penrhyn's own avowed indisposition to matrimony, for a certain reason hinted at in the third chapter of this history; and the second, was Mr. Barton's own secret indisposition to having a mistress. So altogether, master and man got no forwarder; and the nicely furnished house at Sarepta was lonely.

All this time, Feodora was living very happily in the community of unmarried Sisters, attended

by Mava: and if the truth were known, the pleasantest part of Mr. Penrhyn's daily occupation was that of paying a fatherly visit to his ward, and, when the weather permitted, walking with her on the hard frozen ground (recollect it was winter), or driving her in a sledge over the snow, talking about Penrhyn Clifford—Penrhyn Clifford ever.

It was not always winter, however, at Sarepta; and spring came, bursting suddenly on the frost and snow-bound country, very unlike an English spring in general, which is but a second winter; and, on the breaking up of the frost, and the ice upon the Volga and the Don, some slight stir was perceptible in the community at Sarepta. Already had German industry and enterprise distinguished the colonists from their Russian neighbours; and mercantile establishments had sprung up among them which were destined to become of some importance to the country: among other outlets to industry, a small vessel had been chartered by them at Golubinskaia, on the Don, and laden with the manufactures of the colonists. Its destined port was Balaclava.

The vessel sailed; and its return was looked for.

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Now you know very well, reader, because we have taken you into our secret, and indeed have kept no secrets from you in this history, that Penrhyn Clifford was on board this vessel, bound from Balaclava to Golubinskaia: and there is no reason why we should be getting up another scene of surprise similar to that which the third chapter of the story records. That the vessel reached its port on the Don in safety; that Penrhyn Clifford leaped on the wharf, as a wharf I suppose there was; that he was in a great hurry to pass over the sixty versts which yet intervened before he could reach Sarepta; that he hired a *kibitka*, or a *telega*, or a *pavosky*, or some kind of vehicle of barbarous construction, with an outlandish name, and at an exorbitant price of course, because of his great hurry; that he started off on his journey and travelled all night and part of the next day; that he was charmed, as he neared his destination, with the beautiful, cultivated, and peaceful country; that as he was about to enter, or perhaps at about a mile from Sarepta, on the high road, he saw before him an elderly gentleman, and a young lady with her attendant, all in deep mourning; that their backs were towards him; but that he felt—he did not know how he felt;—that as the *kibitka*, or *telega*, or *pavosky*, gained on the pedestrians, he shouted to his *yamstchik* to “stop” in a loud voice; and that then he sprang from the *kib*—(well, never mind the name), and that a good many absurdities were committed by the old gentleman and the young traveller—the young lady and her attendant standing by meanwhile in a very interesting attitude of awe and deep interest—to the great astonishment of the aforesaid *yamstchik*; that there were shaking of hands, and thanks too deep for utterance, and joyful recognitions of Feodora; and that this was a day to the poor *yamstchik* to be ever after marked with a white stone in his calendar;—all this, reader, you know as well as I can tell you.

SUNDAY AND LONDON STREETS.

It has been a fashion latterly among a certain class of writers, who may probably suppose that they are advocating the interests of the labouring classes, to stigmatise all efforts made to promote the observance of the fourth commandment, under the general designation of the “Sunday Screw.” These writers are fond of describing a London Sunday as the most melancholy spectacle to be met with on the face of the civilized earth. They are eloquent on the gloom and silence of the streets—on the closing of such places of public recreation as the National Gallery, the British Museum, and the Sydenham Palace; and they would repeal all laws that shut the public out of these places on the Sunday, and invite the people in to enjoy them at their leisure, and improve their faculties by the contemplation of the works and wonders of nature and of art.

The writer of this paper has a perfect faith in the existence of the Sunday Screw; it has screwed him personally hard enough in times past, and he is therefore in a condition to testify to its nature and operation. He knows where to look for it, because he happens to have been screwed, which these writers never have. We propose, therefore, to show you plainly enough what *is* the Sunday Screw, that you may know it when you see it, and not be foolishly led to suppose that it is ever found in connection with the honest endeavours of those who plead for rest upon “the day of rest.”

Suppose you have risen early some Sunday morning, and been walking as far as the Lambeth-road—or, it may be, the Whitechapel-road—or Whitecross-street—or any other place famous for Sunday morning traffic; what will you see there? The tumult and hubbub of a crowded market assail your ear as you approach, and guide you to the spot. The late dawn of a winter's day breaks upon a scene comparable more to a country fair than anything else. For half a mile or more along the line of way, the shops are open on either side; the footways are thronged by a dense multitude, struggling in adverse directions; the road is a confused encampment or squatting-ground strewn everywhere with heaps of vegetables, with pots, pans, and crockeryware, with cooking utensils and household articles, and all but impassable, with a multitude of buyers and sellers and hoarse-voiced hawkers of wares, who have yet their Sunday's dinner to earn. The butcher in blue uniform is cutting, carving, and weighing his meat, bawling the while to his customers without a moment's pause, eager and anxious, if possible, to drive a dozen bargains at once. The baker, who has been up half the night—a lean apparition of a man—is dealing out his hot loaves right and left, and sweeping coppers into his till. The grocer's shop is full to the doorway, and he and his assistants, besieged by a constant stream of applicants, are half bewildered by the din of clamorous tongues, and weary with the labour of satisfying their demands. The slopseller, buried alive in corduroy, velveteen, shoddy, and fustian, is fitting coats, pants, and vests to the sinewy limbs of the week-day workers. The linendraper is measuring cottons and prints and yards of ribbon, and dealing

out hose and gloves and kerchiefs and shawls to mothers and daughters. The currier, whose shop at any rate, one would think, might be shut, holds a levee of pale-faced sons of St. Crispin, who with hard hands are pulling over sole-leather and bristles, heel-ball and flax, and purchasing materials for next week's labour. Whichever way you turn, bargains are driving, and traffic, under the impetus of assumed necessity and brief opportunity, is the order or disorder of the day. This unseemly spectacle continues till the bells ring out for church, and then only gradually subsides; and it is not till the morning service is nearly over that the baker and butcher get back to their beds; the grocer and his assistants turn in again to finish their night's rest; the shops are shut up; and the hawkers and squatters disappear with the crowd of buyers from the street.

This is a specimen of the real Sunday Screw. The butcher is screwed, the baker is screwed, the grocer is screwed, and a long list of stallkeepers and shopkeepers besides are screwed, to the forfeiture of their Sunday's rest, by that notable screw-driver, the late paymaster, who will not send the working man with his money into the market early enough on the Saturday night to enable him then to provide for the Sunday's wants.

But take another direction. Go at any time along the omnibus routes that traverse the city—north, south, east, and west; look at the drivers and conductors and ostlers, who having wrought for sixteen hours during each of the six days of the week, work also for sixteen hours on the day of rest, for the sole sake of administering to the ease and luxury of all who choose to spend a few pence in riding. Then look at the cabs and cabmen on a hundred stands—seven-day labourers all of them—men whose homes are more out of doors than in, and who can rarely look upon their children's faces save when the infant eyes are closed in sleep. Are not these also samples of the Sunday Screw's work? and is not the screw-driver, in their case, the holiday-making public, who, because it must ride in its coach on the Sunday, turns Sunday employer, and compels a legion of slaves of the whip and the footboard to toil for its gratification?

Then glance at the shops, which are to be found everywhere, but chiefly in the second-rate and retired streets, open all day long on the Sunday. They are, as you know, chiefly trash-shops, sweet-stuff shops, confectioners' and tobacconists' shops; to which you may add a number of *soi-disant* chemists and druggists driving a Sunday trade in "delectables," lozenges, and refreshing beverages. Talk to the owners of these shops, and you will find, in the generality of cases, that though they do, and must by keeping open, act as incentives to Sunday trading, they are themselves the victims of the Sunday Screw, because they consider themselves to be driven, by the custom which the Sunday pleasure-takers have established, to do the chief part of their week's business on the day of rest, which, often to their unspeakable disgust and mortification, has no rest for them.

"I take about £4 a week in this shop," said once a poor widow with a family to maintain, "but I take over £3 of it on the Sunday, and nearly all for things that are consumed for the Sunday's des-

sert. If I were to shut up my shop on the Sunday and go to church, I should soon starve, and my children too, because my neighbours would not shut up, and then my customers would desert me." She had not courage to do what conscience told her to be her duty, and to leave results to a higher power.

This reasoning is common—so common as to be almost universal; and it stands recorded in evidence given before the House of Commons committees, that out of a large number of persons examined in reference to this subject, the great majority were in favour of closing their shops, and would gladly have done so if the very small minority would have agreed to do the same, but were defeated by the obstinacy of the recusants. Here the screw has a double action—first, the public screws the shopkeeper, and then the shopkeeper, over anxious to please the public, screws his neighbour.

But perhaps the most active operation of the Sunday Screw goes on out of the pale of observation. It is an unfortunate fact that the ultimate tendency of the habit of secularising the day of rest, is already realized to a deplorable extent. Thousands of workmen in the British metropolis have already surrendered their right to the day in favour of their employers, whenever these choose to demand it. Numerous establishments, employing large numbers of men, throw open their doors on Sunday whenever it suits their interest to do so. When the order is given out on the Saturday evening for Sunday work, no man dares to absent himself on the morrow, for fear of the penalty of dismissal. These establishments stand for the most part in back streets, lanes, and courts, away from the populous thoroughfares; and if you pass them on the Sunday, you shall find their doors decorously closed, and their lower shutters fast, but within you hear the usual sounds of labour; and if you enter, you shall see from twenty to two hundred men and boys going through the usual routine of their week-day work—the only difference being that there is less noise and conversation, and, it may be, all the more despatch of business. Perhaps it is the hive of a government contractor, who is bound to finish his contract by a certain period, and who, having had all his life his workmen's Sundays at his own disposal, has made his calculations on the basis of seven days' work a week, and therefore cannot do with less. Or it may be a railway contractor in a similar predicament, who, knowing that on English railways all days are alike, never dreams of the workman's right to the Sunday when it suits his convenience to take it from him. Or it may be a printing-office, doing the government work by order of the House of Commons; for it is a curious and anomalous thing, that of all the Sunday Screws in existence, the Parliamentary Screw may become the most piercing, persecuting, and remorseless. It is easy for the House to order that certain documents shall be printed and in the hands of members at the next meeting; but it is unconscious probably of the fact, that while so doing it sometimes has virtually ordered that, week after week, many compositors, pressmen, readers, machine-lads, and boys, should not have one hour's property in the Sabbath that "was made

for man."* Or the establishment may be a bookbinder's, in which case, in addition to the men and boys, there is a large complement of women and girls; and the screw here is not unfrequently a three-volume novel, for which the circulating libraries are hungering, and can by no possibility wait longer than Monday morning. We might extend our Sunday visits in this direction indefinitely, but we are cautiously setting down only what we have seen with our own eyes; and must request the reader who is curious as to the secret working of the Sunday Screw to prosecute his own researches, in which he will meet with but too much success.

It may be argued against certain of the items to which we have taken objection, that they are matters of necessity, and justifiable on that score. We shall be told that chemists and druggists, for instance, must keep open to supply the sick with medicine; that fruiterers and fishmongers are the owners of stock that would spoil by keeping; that the same is the case to some extent with confectioners, and so on: to which we would answer, that, with regard to chemists and druggists, if they were restricted to the sale of medicines alone, above half of them would close next Sunday; we know some who never open on Sunday, and yet administer medicines if called upon; that there are fruiterers, fishmongers, and confectioners, who manage their business without Sunday trading; and that, therefore, others might do the same. This argument, of necessity, is a very vague one. It has been urged pertinaciously on behalf of the metropolitan beer-houses and gin-shops, and might be urged with as good logic on behalf of all manner of transactions. If the habits of any man have made the materials of intoxication necessities to him, that is no reason why some ten or twelve thousand people in London and its neighbourhood should sacrifice nine hours of their Sunday, as they are liable to do at the present moment, in order that he may have them ever within call. A man's necessities, of this sort, are the offspring of his habits, and should be under his control. A cry has been raised in vindication of the poor man's *right* to similar enjoyments, as far as he can afford them, with the rich man, who, it is assumed, indulges in the contents of his cellar on Sunday without stint. We would be sorry to restrict the poor man's rights; but one thing is clear, and that is, that he has no right to turn Sunday Screw, and compel the public-house keeper and his assistants to sacrifice their rights in order to his gratification: moreover, we have yet to learn that it is right in any man to measure his own moral obligations by the practice of others, be they rich or poor.

In these papers it has been our main design to show that the working man, who exacts his relaxations or amusements from others on the day of rest, is virtually preparing the way for the loss of his own exemption from toil. It is the *religious* observance of the Sabbath which preserves it for

the labouring classes. Once break down public opinion upon this subject—once let Sunday be recognised as a period on which man may without impropriety devote his time to secular amusements—and immediately the eager employer comes into the field. If it is lawful for the workman to amuse himself on the Sunday, there can be no great harm in his working a little on that day; and the gate thus once opened, there is no foreseeing how speedily our English Sabbath would be assimilated to a Parisian one.

"There is no rest in France," was the exclamation to us of a jaded and tired waiter in the French metropolis. May that never be able to be said of our own country. May the Sabbath be hailed as Heaven's gracious boon to a toil-worn world. May its hours be cheerfully dedicated to the great and important ends which its Creator contemplated in its institution in paradise. Then may we expect a blessing on our nation, the country prosperous, and individuals contented and happy.

We are quite willing to believe that many of those gentlemen who have been endeavouring to introduce music into our parks on Sundays, and to open our museums and the Crystal Palace, are sincere in their wishes to wean the masses from what they consider the debasing effects of the tap-room. "Is it not better," they will argue, "that the lesser evil should be adopted than a greater one?" To this we must be permitted to reply, that even assuming (what we cannot grant) that their proposed remedies would in the long-run mitigate the evil, the word of God leaves those who study it no option on the subject. Its language is decisive, that the day shall be kept holy, and that men shall cease upon it from following their pleasure; that is, indulging in those amusements and recreations which are lawful at other times. The law of the land, the established church of the country, and the great majority of the dissenting bodies, consider this interpretation binding upon them; and the minority cannot therefore complain that the majority dare not relax in their favour what they conscientiously believe to be a command of God. Meanwhile, the friends of the day of rest are bound, by every means in their power, to show that while they cannot allow an inroad upon the Sabbath, they are eager to promote the recreation and well-being of the working classes. They are already doing this; the half-holiday movement, and others of a kindred character, have been largely carried forward by the much-sneered-at Sabbatarian party, who will be found to be the real friends of the working man.

THE OLD STAGE COACH.

It is one of the recorded opinions of Dr. Johnson that there are few things more pleasant in life than being whirled rapidly in a post-chaise from one end of the kingdom to the other. That opinion was probably quite correct in his day, when the stage-coaches, and even the mails themselves, lagged far behind the post-chaises. But when the Doctor slept quietly beneath his marble monument, a new race of men brought a new race of horses upon the British roads. Macadam made his ap-

* These remarks on the execution of government printing must be held to refer only to exceptional cases, the bulk of the work being performed more at leisure. These exceptional cases used to be astonishingly frequent in busy seasons, and we have seen them monopolising the Sunday for six weeks in succession. The writer is not in a condition to speak from personal experience as to recent seasons.



THE OLD STAGE COACH.

pearance, and taught locomotive man to improve his roads; and the fifty or sixty miles a day of Johnson's time was exchanged for the ten miles an hour of our youth; and the *ne plus ultra* of speed was thought to be attained when the space from London to Norwich, or from London to Bristol, was cleared between sunrise and sunset of a single day. The pleasure which Johnson found in the snug post-chaise, the next generation enjoyed in a still greater degree on the roof of the stage or mail coach, or (when a love of ease and comfort had succeeded with advancing years to the love of excitement) in its cushioned inside. Who that has ever occupied during a long journey that post of vantage, the box seat, by the side of the many-caped coachman, does not remember with a thrill the delights of the summer-day's ride along the hard road, which wound circuitously over the lofty hill ranges, and plunged into the fertile valleys, traversing forest and moor and populous towns and secluded hamlets, and connecting all together by its endless ramifications. Let us recal some of the remembrances of the turnpike-road at a time when that, and not the iron way, was the high road of commerce, and see if we cannot present to the eyes of a generation who will never witness the reality, some pictures of life in locomotion as their sires knew and enjoyed it.

It is a delicious summer's morning; but though the sun has been up these two hours, and the

odours of the hay-field are wafted through the silent streets, and the air is resonant with the songs of birds, yet are the denizens of our native town fast locked in sleep, as, following our portmanteau on the back of Boots from the "Crown," we cross the market-place to the inn-yard where stands the "Highflyer" bound for London. We booked an outside place the day before yesterday, and, happening to be first comer, mount to the box seat as a matter of course, not forgetting to see the portmanteau safely deposited in the front boot. We carry twelve outsides and four within; and, as the minute of starting approaches, the passengers are seen coming from various directions, and loaded with such a collection of luggage as seems to bid defiance to the capacity of the "Highflyer." The bundles and boxes, however, are stowed away almost in less time than it would take a dull man to count them; and as the hand of the church clock is on the stroke of six, the coachman, in a glossy white beaver, white overcoat of single cape, sprigged waistcoat, corduroy smalls, and top boots, and wearing a model moss-rose, just bursting into bloom, in his button-hole, steps out of the coach-office, way-bill in hand. For half a minute, while he mechanically folds up the way-bill and thrusts it into his breast-pocket, his flushed, weather-tanned face is seen to revolve upon its axis as he critically scans the turn-out to see that all is right and trim. "Give the roan a

ran from Boston to Newport in 1686, and then lines were put on between the cities along the Atlantic coast, so that there was more or less continuous transportation between Portsmouth, N. H., and Savannah, Ga. The first regular coach was run fortnightly between New York and Philadelphia in 1720. After that many lines were established, and the spirited rivalry was the cause of many serious accidents from fast driving. The vehicles in use at first carried 16 passengers and were very cumbersome, but they soon gave way to the egg-shaped coach (which, with a few modifications, is in use to-day), which carried 9 passengers inside and 4 to 7 outside. The Concord coach followed, the first of this type having been built in 1827, and it was adopted all over the world with modifications and is the popular type to-day.

In the early part of the 19th century runs of 135 miles in 24 hours were common, and one record, that of 32 miles in 2 hours and 20 minutes over the bad roads of those times, is impressive. In 1812 the fare from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh over the National Turnpike was \$20, and it took six days to go the 297 miles. In 1829, 77 lines were running in New England under one management; in 1832, there were 106, and they did a good business until the railroads put them out of the running not many years after. As the country spread to the westward coaches went with it, and it was not until comparatively recent years that the only coaches run were those of private owners, who drove them and carried passengers at a rate which made them prohibitive to all but the millionaire.

The Coaching Club of New York city is the parent of many other clubs in the great cities throughout the country, and the annual parades are important social functions. There is also a Ladies' Coaching Club in New York city, and its annual turnout is a pleasing spectacle. Interesting accounts of coaching in olden times are to be found in the *New Remarks on London*, compiled by the Company of Parish Clerks and issued in 1732, and W. O. Tristram's *Coaching Days and Coaching Ways* (1891). G. A. Thrupp's *History of Coaches* (1877) is also worth consulting; and Thomas Cross's *Autobiography of a Stage-coachman* (1861) contains many amusing records. *A Peep into the Past: Brighton in the Olden Time* (new ed. 1895), by J. G. Bishop, is of interest; and so is E. Chamberlayne's *Magna Briannia Notitia, or The Present State of Great Britain*, which was published in 1708. An ex-

tremely stirring account of a race along the Brighton road about the time of George IV. occurs in Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone* (1901). Interesting particulars of coaching may be found in *Driving*, by Francis M. Ware (1903), and *Riding and Driving*, by Price Collier (1905).

Coadjutor, an assistant and often the successor of a bishop who, on account of age or infirmity, is unable to discharge the duties of his office. A coadjutor differs from a suffragan in that the latter is assistant to a bishop who, owing to the great extent of his see, cannot fulfill all his obligations.

Coagulation is the term applied to the separation of a viscid or semi-solid mass from a liquid under the influence of heat or of chemical action. It is seen in the 'setting' of the white of an egg on heating, and in the thickening of blood on standing.

Coahuila, state, Mexico, bounded on the N. by the Rio Grande del Norte. To the N.E. the state is mountainous, the Sierra Madre range connecting

	C.	H.	O.	N.
Woody tissue	50.	6.	43.	1.
Peat	59.	6.	33.	1.
Lignite	69.	5.5	25.	0.8
Bituminous coal	82.	5.	13.	0.8
Anthracite	95.	2.5	2.5	trace

with the Apache Mts. of the United States. The W. is occupied by a wilderness of Bolson de Mapin, while along the valley of the Masas R. to the S. agriculture is largely developed. Large crops of cotton, maize, and wheat are grown. Silver and gold are now mined in the Sierra Mojada and in the valley of the Santa Rosa. Coal is found along the course of the International Ry., which connects Mexico with the United States. The area is 63,569 sq. m., and the population in 1900 numbered 296,938. The chief towns are Saltillo (the capital), Monclova, and Parras.

Coal is a rock of dark brown or black color, soft, often brittle, with low specific gravity (1.4 and under), and consisting mostly of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. It is found most abundantly in the upper part of the Carboniferous formation or Coal Measures, though it occurs also in strata of many different ages, especially in the Upper Cretaceous series, where it forms beds or seams. It is the principal source of fuel for domestic and manufacturing uses.

In the conversion of vegetable matter into coal, the changes which take place are partly chemical and partly structural. The oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen

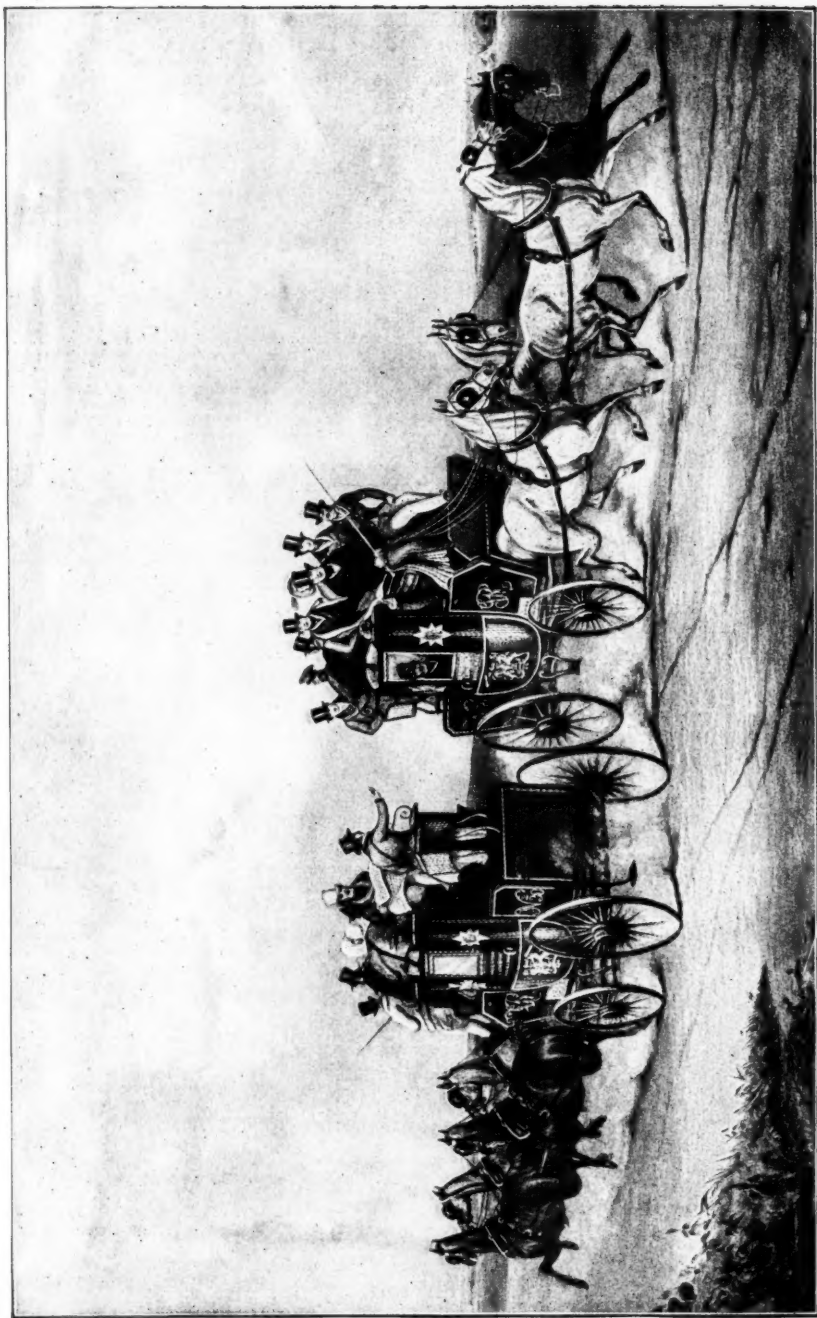
of the wood tend to be expelled, while the carbon remains, and increases in proportion as the process advances, till it forms nearly the whole of the resultant mass (anthracite). Peat, lignite or brown coal, bituminous coal, and anthracite form a series more and more removed from wood in composition and character. The brown color of peat and lignite is a transition to the black color of coal. The specific gravity also increases, and with it the percentage of carbon and the amount of heat which is given out during combustion. The vegetable structure at the same time gradually disappears. It is possible that even the beds of pure graphitic carbon which occur in metamorphic rocks may be in some cases (they certainly are not always) merely layers of vegetable matter which have undergone the last stage of alteration, and have been deprived of all their volatile matter and of all traces of vegetable structure.

The following table shows the composition of the different varieties of this carbon series:

The gradual increase of carbon and the decrease of the volatile constituents is strikingly brought out in following from wood to anthracite.

In addition to the elements given in the above table, all coals contain sulphur (partly as pyrites or marcasite, or as calcium sulphate, etc.), and incombustible inorganic impurities, such as silica, alumina, and magnesia. These form the ash, which varies in amount from one or two per cent. up to thirty per cent. and over. The ash is mostly sand and mud mixed with the coal at the time of its deposition or subsequently, and when there is a large proportion of such foreign material the coal passes gradually into bituminous or carbonaceous shale or sandstone.

Coals contain also gases dissolved or occluded in them, principally carbon dioxide, methane, and nitrogen; and if these are abundant, and are given off in large quantities, they are very dangerous in underground workings. The carbon dioxide is known as 'choke-damp,' while the methane, being inflammable, is the 'fire-damp' of the miner. These gases seem to be produced by the liberation of the volatile hydrogen and oxygen during the mineralization to which the ligneous



EARLY ENGLISH COACHING—THE BRIGHTON MAILS. FROM A COLORED PRINT.

little more head, Bill." While Bill is slipping the buckle, Coachee takes the reins from the ostler, and with them in his hand mounts to his seat, and deliberately pulls the apron over his feet to keep off the wind, politely requesting us at the same time to button it on our side. Then the horse-cloths are drawn away—the stable-boys and hangers-on stand clear—the steeds begin to grapple with the round smooth stones of the inn yard, and, with a shower of "good byes" from parting friends, out we roll through the dark archway. The guard blows a lively tune on his keyed-bugle in the market-place, and here and there a night-capped head appears to gaze at us from a window. We rattle at full trot down the High-street, and over the bridge and along the road by the river side, where the early anglers look up from their silent craft to see us dash by. Then a sudden turning in the road shuts out the old town and all belonging to it from our view, and it is seen no more.

The fields, the hills, the woods, the streams, the vast vault of heaven—all are bathed in one flood of sunshine as we dash along. The mowers are out in the meadows, and we see them whetting their glimmering blades, and hear the sweep of the sharp steel deep in the dewy grass. The cow-boy is driving out the herds, and the milkmaid, while she pulls unceasingly at the full udder, turns a blooming face towards us. Far away on the gentle slopes of the upland, the white sheep dot the green hill-side, and we hear the bay of the shepherd's dog; it is answered by the distant blast of a horn, blown by the guard of the night mail coming down from London, and to which our own guard replies by a lively "tantivy." In another moment the down mail is in sight, spanking along in a cloud of dust. As the courteous drivers pass each other, they exchange a friendly greeting by the conventional mode of raising the whip-handle. We note that the mail outsidies have dropped into a slumber after their night-watch, and are nodding on their perches as they roll and reel along. Then we plunge into a patch of shady copse, wind round an ivy-covered church at the other side of it, and pull up at a little roadside inn, where fresh horses await us—the first twelve miles of the hundred and twenty being done.

On again, over a broad level down, whose limits lie beyond the view. The fresh breeze has blown up the summer clouds from the sea, and as they sail along the sky their grotesque shadows sail along the ground, and we seud along beneath them, now cool in the cool shade, now warm again in the flashing sunlight. After an hour's run on the wold, where, according to the coachman, it blows cold all the year round, we come in sight of the "Cross Keys" standing on the edge of the waste, where, it being now past eight o'clock, we alight to breakfast. Twenty minutes is the time allowed for the discussion of the cold round or sirloin, and hot tea or coffee. Every man helps himself, and looks to as many of the ladies as his appetite, tugging against his gallantry, will allow. When the time is up, and the eighteenpences are all paid, we mount again. By this time we have broken the ice of ceremony with the coachman, and in consequence are taken into confidence and become the recipient of various scraps of information of more or less value. Thus, we learn that

that near leader is given to jib, and that he is obliged to keep a watchful eye upon her—that the off wheeler cast a shoe yesterday and is a little restive after the farrier, and that therefore he shall lose time this stage and have to make it up in the next. Then the sight of a monster-looking mansion, standing among the trees on our left, leads to the narration of a curious and rather dismal legend concerning the "house with three hundred and sixty-five windows," (that's the house, he tells us) built by a man with no end of money, who was fond of looking out of window, and wanted a window to look out of, fresh and fresh, every day of the year. We cannot manage to understand the story exactly, owing to the want of perspicuity on the part of the narrator, and his use of metaphors of a description with which we are not familiar. Nevertheless Coachee loves to tell it, and so we listen, and it lasts through several stages, until it is put to flight by our sudden arrival, at high noon, in the middle of a market-town during all the din and bustle of the market. Here the pockets of the coach are rifled for sundry small brown-paper parcels, and the pockets of Coachee himself surrender a shoal of letters and smaller packets, such as during the days of a penny post would infallibly have travelled by that means, and not by private hand. There is a good deal of chatter and chink of money pending the delivery; but no sooner is the new team duly attached than off we drive again down the narrow lane which the crowd of pigs and geese, and sheep-pens, and crockery, have left open for us, until we have left the town and market behind, and are rushing forward in full gallop to London. The interminable legend is now forgotten—the coach is due in an hour at the next stage, and that is near twelve miles off; but "these are the tits that can do it," says Coachee, and therefore it shall be done. That it may be done we gallop all the way—the guard, on his legs, keeping a watchful look-out, and sending forward a warning blast from his bugle to anything that threatens a collision. The "tits" vindicate their character in recovering the lost time, and the stage is done within the hour. Then comes the long stage, of fifteen miles, over hilly ground, which is done at a sober pace, and occupies on the whole, including a stoppage and watering at the foot of a long hill, little less than two hours.

It is near three o'clock when we pull up at the "Stag," where we find dinner smoking hot on the table, having been taken from pot and spit at the instigation of our guard's bugle, heard at the distance of a mile. "Half an hour for dinner!" says the coachman, and in we rush to the dining-room. Joints are carved and fowls dismembered with an alacrity that admits not of ceremony, the green peas roll about the table-cloth, and small accidents with butter and gravy pass unnoticed. The landlord helps the ladies, the gentlemen look to themselves, while the smiling landlady looks on with knife upraised to stab the pudding at the word of command. But the good-looking pudding is not stabbed for all that; before the word is given comes the dreaded summons "time's up!" the landlord begins collecting his three-and-sixpences, and out we are bundled, to bestow

another shilling on the coachman, who goes with us no further.

When we have resumed our seat we find our coachman's successor to be a specimen of the old and unornamental school. *He* takes the "High-flyer" into London, that's what *he* does: there is no romance and fandango about him; if there ever was, London has rubbed it all out. He thinks the lower-road whip a dandy, and doesn't care to conceal his contempt "for that sort." As he spins along, all his conversation is with his horses, and maintained in a sort of equine vocabulary of sibilant consonants and laryngeal ejaculations hardly expressible by the existing alphabet. But he gets over the ground in a workmanlike way, though he cannot resist pulling up at one or two places where the ale is remarkably good, and recommending it, and according us the privilege of paying for his libation.

So we jog on, and on, stage after stage, until the road, becoming wider and more populous, the villages and towns more numerous and less rural, afford unequivocal signs that we are approaching the metropolis. As the afternoon wanes, the guard is seized with a musical fit, and begins in a sentimental mood to pour forth a number of plaintive ditties from his keyed-bugle: "Poor Mary Ann," "In my Cottage near a Wood," "Robin Adair," "Within a Mile of Edinburgh," and that tender novelty with which all ears are charmed, "Home, sweet Home." As this last strain is dying out, we reach the brow of a rising ground, from which, looming dimly and duskily through the smoke-blanket of London, we get sight of the dome of St. Paul's more than ten miles off. All eyes are strained towards it; and then, suddenly, all tongues are mute; there is a complete stoppage to all gossip and chatter, and every one's thoughts are turned inward as he muses in silence on the events that are to follow his journey's end. In another hour we have dashed triumphantly through the far-stretching suburbs of the capital, have traversed one of the great city arteries of traffic, and are cautiously threading our way through the close avenues in the rear of St. Paul's, towards Gerard's Hall, where, just as the setting sun is gilding the chimney-pots, we alight after a delightful run of exactly fourteen hours.

Having transacted our business, we are under the necessity of returning home the following night by the night-coach. The weather, unfortunately, has turned lowering and gusty. Dark clouds drift along the sky, and heavy drops come splashing down at intervals. By the time we have cleared the suburbs, the heavens are one vault of blackness, and the road we travel is visible only by the red gleam of the lamps we carry. Ere we have won the first stage the rain comes down like a water-spout, and in spite of umbrellas, which prove worse than useless, we are drenched to the skin as low as the waist. Stage after stage the storm continues, and on over the lonely road we gallop through mud and mire. Towards midnight we hear the rumble of distant thunder, and then our route is momentarily lit up by faint but frequent flashes. The road leads into the bosom of the storm, and soon it is clamouring, bellowing,

and reverberating around us, while the blinding flames burst from all points in the vault above. At a simultaneous flash and peal that seems to shake the solid earth, the horses leap, panic-stricken, forwards, then rear on their haunches as they are suddenly pulled up by the careful driver. In a moment the guard has descended, and is patting and soothing the creatures with hand and voice, and, gently at first, we roll on again. We are half an hour behind time at the supper-table, where there are loud calls for hot coffee or spirits by the chilled and sodden outsiders. There is little time for refreshment, however, and it is but a partial drying that can be had in a few minutes from the blazing kitchen fire.

Happily the storm has spent itself ere we resume our route, and the waning moon struggles through the flying clouds to light us on our way. For hours we sit watching the drifting masses as they skurry along before the gale, and the pale stars twinkle out in the dark blue chasms fitfully unveiled. Ghostlike shapes rise in the distance and resolve themselves into familiar things as they rush towards us. Dreamy ideas float about our brain; and then, with a few preliminary nods and starts, we succumb to the drowsy feeling and sink into forgetfulness.

The fresh breeze from the broad level down is blowing in our face, and the grey morning is creeping up the east, as we awake to recollection. The storm has passed away, and its only trace is the absence of dust on the clear hard road. A few hours' gallop over the remembered spots of childhood and youth through the balmy air of morn, and we are again in the inn yard of the "Crown," where we see a cheerful domestic face from our own fireside welcoming us to a traveller's breakfast.

Such are some of the lights and shades of stage-coach travelling. Of the elements which make up the several scenes, nearly all have now disappeared. Over many a macadamised road the grass now grows. The "Stag Inn," where we dined and supped, has vanished from the face of the earth. The ostlers, the grooms, the stable-boys and hangers-on, have all been melted into a different material. The old stage-coachman sleeps with his fathers; the guard rests by his side; and even his plaintive bugle with the keys is gone dead and dumb, and is no more heard in the land, or seen either, except at the marine-store shop, where it ranks as old metal.

Well, after all, we need not repine, and we do not intend to. In exchange for what we have lost, we have got something decidedly better. In our day the rail is the mail, and we could not afford to go back to the institution of whips and four-in-hand. Yet we must be allowed to cherish the pleasant memories of that institution; and we do not see that an exchange for the better is any reason why what was so good and pleasant in itself should be forgotten.

GRAFTING.—An interesting discovery has been made in France with regard to engrafting fruit-trees. Instead of making use of a graft, a slip is taken from an apple-tree, for example, and planted in a potato, so that a couple of inches of the slip remain visible. It soon takes root, develops itself, and finally becomes a handsome tree, bearing fine fruit. This method is due to a Bohemian gardener.

POPULAR NAMES OF PLANTS.

MANY, both of our common wild and cultivated plants, retain the names significant of former uses—names that in their simple homely dress strikingly contrast with the abstruse Latin and Greek nomenclature in which modern botany seems to delight. Thus we have the plague flower (now called the butter bur), and the spleenwort, scurvy grass, and whitlow grass, and lungwort, and liverwort, and throatwort; and we have, too, the feverfew, and the woundwort; the tooth-ache tree, the self-heal, and, better still, the all-heal. And not only did the names of some plants record their supposed healing powers, but others received their designation from their supposed properties of expelling sources of discomfort, and being obnoxious to animals and insects. Thus there were wolf's-bane, and dog's-bane, and more than one wild flower bore the appellation of flea-bane. The one still thus called has a yellow starry blossom, with woolly leaves, and grows in moist places. It is not likely, however, really to be offensive to insects, as it has no strong odour with which to annoy them. Probably the plant recommended by old Tusser would, in reality, prove a far more effectual bane to the unwelcome visitant. His is altogether a good prescription:—

"While wormwood hath seed, get a handfull or twaine,
To save against March to make flea to refrain;
When chamber is sweeped, and wormwood is strown,
No flea for his life dare abide to be known."

This plan would succeed better either than that of hanging fleabane up in the house, or of shooting at the insects, as Christina, Queen of Sweden, is said to have done, with a little cannon, which is still exhibited in the arsenal of Stockholm.

Some of our wild flowers, again, have very pretty rustic names—names which tell of times and seasons. Thus there are winter greens and winter cresses, which come at the dreary season of the year; and there is the pasque flower, telling of Easter; and the primrose, or first flower, which comes when winds are softening down, and only

"Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge;"

while cuckoo flowers, and swallow worts, and wake robins, are all sweet reminders of green leaves, which thicken daily on the woodland boughs, and of the echoes of the joyous notes which ring out from among them. The commonest, and one of the loveliest flowers of our meadows—the pearl-like daisy—is the day's eye which Chaucer loved so well; and the black-thorn tells us of the black winds of March, though in later season it is white as the sun itself with its wealth of flowers; and the May bush wears its fragrant garlands in honour of the month with which its name is linked. There is the rogarion or gang flower, now more often called milkwort, which once was carried in wreaths in Rogation week; and there is the go-to-bed-at-noon, now called goat's beard, which tells of its noon-day closing; and the night-blowing wall-flower, which opens its flowers when the eye of man is folded in sleep.

A large number of our familiar names of plants are similar to those adopted in other countries of Europe. This is not only the case with the forget-me-not, heartsease, and others expressive of

some sentiment, but is especially applicable to those which are indicative of the properties or uses of the plants, or which are derived from their resemblances to some familiar object. Such are the salsola, or soda plant, which we call glasswort, because its ashes were formerly very extensively used in glass making. The French call it "la soude;" the Germans, "die sodapflanze;" the Italians term it "soda;" and in Spain the peasant calls it "sosa." Thus our cotton grass, too, with its pretty tufts of cottony down, waving over our bogs and moors, is called by the French, "linai-grette," and by the Dutch, "wolgras;" and our moonwort, or lunaria, is called by a synonyme of these names all over Europe. This, like the greater number of our familiar names, was given because it resembled some other object; for as those who first gave these popular designations to plants were not men of science, they were naturally guided by resemblances of this description; and seeing that the lunaria bore round silvery pods, they thought of the silver orb of heaven. In this case they not only named the flower from it, but imagined that some alliance existed between them, and that both the moon and the flower had their influence over the disturbed mind of the lunatic. It is from fancied similarities that we have the heron's bill and the cranesbill, the stork's bill, the monkey flowers, cockscombs, larkspurs, horsetails, wolf's claws, adder's tongues, hound's tongue, snakeweed, dog's-tail grass, wormgrass, snapdragon, and hundreds more, which those who live in the country know well; and from this cause, too, we have the columbine, which looks like a cluster of cloves, and the monkshood, so like a cowl.

The goat's beard, and old man's beard, are popular names for plants, which, when they have done flowering, are covered with down-crested seeds, whose silvery tufts are like the snows of age; and though this latter plant, the wild elematis, has also the far prettier popular name of traveller's joy, yet in the southern part of England it is generally known by the name taken from its winter clusters of down. Maiden's hair and maiden's tresses are names, the one of a graceful fern, drooping over some of the moist walls and rocks near the sea, where it lines the insides of caves with a tapestry of most delicate green; and the other of a pretty spirally blooming orchis, which adorns our dry pastures. The bee and fly orchis are well called after the insects which their flowers resemble; and the dark scabious of our gardens, brought to us from distant India, is from its mournful tint not inappropriately termed widow-wail; while the distaff thistle was likened, by one of the olden time, to that once common implement of woman's industry; and the Venus's looking-glass and Venus's comb suggested some resemblances of a lady's toilet table. The lace-bark tree has a network so fine and delicate, that the bride might wear it for a veil; and the long sprays of the feather-grass are so like the plumes of a bird of Paradise, that they were in former years allowed to wave gracefully over the brow of the courtly dame in halls of state. Adam's needle, a pointed-leaved plant with a thread hanging to it, recalls those primitive periods ere the skill of man had wrought materials better fitted for sewing; and the pitcher plant of the dry desert, with its sup-

ply of water, is as welcome to the traveller as is the brown jug which the cottage maiden fills from the spring in our green lanes on some hot summer's day. There is the slipper-wort and the tassel flower, the latter now more generally called the starch hyacinth; and that brown fungus, the puff-ball, whose shape might fit it for powdering the head, were powder yet worn; and bell flowers, which yet swing silently to every breeze that passes over them; and the tall golden rod, which might still serve as a sceptre, did villages now walk in processions.

Those delicate blossoms, the snowflake and the snowdrop, whose whiteness rivals the snows among which the latter makes its way, have names which at once commend themselves to our taste. This last flower deserves the lines which Westwood wrote upon it:—

"The snowdrop is the herald of the flowers,
Sent with its small white flag of truce, to plead
For its beleaguered brethren; suppliantly
It prays stern winter to withdraw his troop
Of winds and blustering storms; and having won
A smile of promise from its pitying foe,
Returns to tell the issue of its errand
To the expectant host."

The herb Paris had its old name of true-love from the leaves, which fancy might well liken to the tie, called still in villages the true-love-knot; and the stem is like a green meadow, with the leaves of the arrowhead, which are shaped like the barb of the arrow. Flag flowers, of beautiful yellow tint, wave over the waters in peaceful triumph, or float in purple, before the winds of the woodlands, as if in joy because flowers were coming, and not like those banners from which they are named, because flowers are strewn in the conqueror's path to be crushed beneath his footsteps. The halberd weed is innocent of harm, and the trumpet flower gives out no tone to tell of war's alarms; and the hornwort and the bugle send no sound of any tidings, save those which tell that summer is come to this beautiful green earth. The shepherd's purse has its stems studded with pouch-like seed vessels, and those of the shepherd's needle are long and pointed. Trefoils have their triple leaves, and starworts their rayed flowers; and the cowslip is soft and velvety, like the lip of the animal whence it takes its name. The sundew glistens in the sunshine with drops like pearls of the early morning, but which the sun has no power to dry; and the Jacob's ladder, rare in the country landscape, but common in the gardens, has leaves shaped so like a ladder, that we marvel not that when men loved to trace resemblances of this kind, they bethought them of the ladder which the patriarch beheld in his dream. In the coppices of many parts of England, hang the clusters of the waxen-like flowers of the Solomon's seal, contrasted with their large green leaves. He who gave it its rural name, was probably guided to it by the supposed virtues of the plant, for its repute in sealing up wounds was not little; or perhaps he bestowed it from the singular marks on its root, left by the old stems, which are somewhat similar to the impressions made by a seal. Gerarde, who was not generally very complimentary to the fair sex, remarks of this plant: "The roote of Solomon's seal, stamped

while it is fresh and greene, and applied, taketh away, in one night, or two at the most, any bruise, black or blew spots, gotten by fals, or women's wilfulness in stumbling upon their hasty husbands' fists, or such like." It certainly does remove the blackness of a wound, and well deserves place among such herbs as were valued by Milton's rustic.

"A certain shepherd lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled
In every virtuous plant and healing herb,
That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray.
He loved me well, and oft would bid me sing;
Which, when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit and hearken even to ecstacy,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip
And show me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties."

Some very significant names of plants are given from the places where they grow best. Thus we have wood anemones and wood sorrels; the rock rose and meadow sweet; the lily of the valley and the mountain garlic. We have moor grass, and heather; and those purple bells which gladden the bird and bee, and delight the wanderer too, over many a mile of uncultured earth, are called especially the heath, from the spot which they brighten into beauty. We have the water violet and the ground ivy, the bog asphodel, and the sandwort, and the shore weed. The tower mustard and the wallflower, look bright over that grey ruin on which they spring; and the white flowers of the hedge nettle bloom humbly for the butterfly which welcomes them on the bank. The pond weeds lie on the surface of the stream, and the brooklime points with its blue flowers to the rivulet which is singing its tune among the grass. The wayside wanderer is pleased to look upon the snowy balls of the wayfaring tree, which, however, is now more generally called guelder rose. Our favourite flower, the violet, has a similar name in nearly all languages, and many think it owes this to the waysides (*viae*) where it is found so often.

Leaving this class of names, we find others which remind us of ancient legends and superstitious practices. Names of this kind are in more general use on the continent, where every wood and meadow land has its remembrances of calendar saints, than with us; but we have a few left still in our village catalogues. The samphire is a corruption of the herb of St. Pierre. We have yet the St. James' wort; and those clusters of yellow flowers dotted with black, which villagers use in making ointments, are still known as the St. John's worts of our fathers, and, to those acquainted with old customs, tell of bonfires made in London on Midsummer eve, St. John's day, when they were thrown with rejoicing into the flames. Vervain is still sometimes called holy herb, and holy grass and hollyock are names familiar to us all. The tall stem of the mullein, clad in its yellow blossoms, is yet known in some places as the high taper, a name which it bore because of its resemblance to the candle once burnt before the altar. Our lady's mantle, and our lady's slipper, recall the memories of days when men honoured the Virgin Mary with honour due only to the Son of God himself, and, forgetting that though she was privileged to be the mother

of the Lord, she was but woman still, bowed the knee in reverence. Yet, when that Saviour was on earth, the warm-hearted female of the crowd, who declared that that woman was blessed who gave him birth, was replied to by him, "Yea rather, blessed are they that know the word of God and keep it!"

Many names of plants were given in memory of those who first applied their healing virtues or useful qualities. Probably this was the case with the good king Henry; perhaps, too, the herb Robert and the herb Bennet were meant to immortalize some whose memories have, however, passed away. Names of this kind are frequent among those still retained by the botanist, and taken from the Greek and Latin. Thus the scientific name of the spurge (*Euphorbia*) commemorates that of the physician of Juba, a Moorish prince, who first used some of the species in medicine; and *Gentiana*, the name of our gentians, is likely to hand down to even a more distant age than this, that of a king of Sicily who discovered the tonic virtues of these useful plants. The pretty yarrow, with its clusters of white or pinkish flowers, is called *Achillea* by the botanist, because poetic legends record that its healing powers were found out by that warrior of old; and the French still call the flower "fleur d'Achille." Many names of plants commemorate those of our great botanists. Thus the celebrated baobab, the monkey bread tree (*Adansonia digitata*), the largest and oldest of the vegetable structures which adorn our world, received its scientific name in honour of Adanson, the celebrated botanist, who was the author of "Families of Plants." It was well thus to appropriate his name, and that he himself would appreciate such a distinction is evident from a passage in his will. In this document Adanson requested that the only decoration of his grave might be a garland of flowers, gathered from the fifty-eight families which he had established. "A touching, though transitory image," says Cuvier, "of the more durable monument which he has erected to himself in his works."

The beautiful and curious fern, *Dicksonia*, was named after the excellent cryptogamic botanist Dickson; and the Douglas primrose records the name of one whose melancholy fate might well demand the tear of sympathy. While collecting plants in the Sandwich Isles, in the year 1833, this diligent botanist fell into a pit into which a bull had previously fallen, and was trampled and gored to death by the enraged animal; thus falling a victim to the pursuit of that science which he loved so well. Sometimes the name of a plant has been derived from a fanciful analogy between the plant and him after whom it was named. Thus the *Bauhinia* was so called by Plumier in remembrance of the two distinguished botanists, John and Caspar Bauhin, from the circumstance that the plants of this genus have two-lobed or twin leaves: and *Scheuchzeria*, a grassy alpine plant, was named thus after the two Scheuchzers, one of whom excelled in the knowledge of alpine plants, and the other in that of the grasses. Now and then the names of plants convey a satire on the person alluded to by them; but, happily, this is a rare practice, and they are not often associated

with any but pleasant memories. An American plant, however, the *Hernandia*, which has a profusion of foliage but small blossoms, was so called in memory of one who was allowed a large sum of money for the purpose of investigating natural history, but the result of whose labours was of little worth; and the *Buffonia* received its name from Sauvages, in honour of the celebrated Count de Buffon; while one of its species was called the slender-leaved buffonia, by Linnæus, on account of the slender pretensions to botanical science which that naturalist possessed.

But among the names which serve to remind us of those who, though they have long since departed, yet have left to us the results of their labours, scarcely any is more interesting than that of a little flower, wild in some parts of our native land, which was called *Linnaea borealis*, after Linnæus. This plant was thus termed by Gronovius; but the great Swedish botanist himself selected it as one which should transmit his name to posterity. He describes it as "a little northern plant, long overlooked, depressed and abject, flowering early," and deemed it an appropriate type of his own early career. This Lapland flower is a native of high latitudes and alpine districts throughout the northern hemisphere, though most abundant in Lapland. It is frequent in Scotland, especially among the dry stony fir woods, but so rare in England, that one habitat alone is mentioned for it in our British floras. This is in a plantation of Scotch firs, at Catherside, in the parish of Hartburn in Northumberland, where it was discovered by Miss Emily Trevelyan, of Wallington House in that county. It is an interesting and elegant plant, with woody and creeping stems, a little branched, and the young shoots hairy. Its small drooping flowers are sweetly fragrant; they are of a rose-coloured tint without, and white or yellowish within. They are to be found in May and June, and the stalks are two-flowered. Sir William Hooker, naming the spots whence this flower may be gathered, remarks: "Mr. Drummond pointed it out to me, growing abundantly on the sloping and mossy side of hills, at a considerable elevation upon the Clova mountains, but flowering only among alder birch at the foot of them; it is also found blooming along with the still more rare winter green (*Pyrola uniflora*), near Elgin, where, one summer, it covered from ten to twelve square yards, and flowered abundantly."

Thompson, the author of "Life in Russia," remarking on the love shown to this little flower by the Swedes, says: "To have produced one man whose reputation has become the property of the universe, is their boast and pride to this day; and as if to prove what the force of example of one great mind can effect, the love of botany is, among the Swedes, a ruling passion. The *Linnaea borealis*—a little creeping plant of delicious fragrance, growing wild in the woods, and first discovered by Linnæus, and with which they have crowned his bust—is perfectly venerated. In one of my rambles in the country, some school-boys, who were following the same path, came running to me, stranger as I was, exclaiming, "See, sir, we have found some of the *Linnaea borealis*!"

Linnæus laid down a number of rules for the naming of plants. One of them was—"Generic names ought not to be misapplied to gaining the goodwill or favour of saints, or persons celebrated in other sciences. They are the only reward the botanist can expect, and are intended for him alone. Nevertheless," he adds, "poetical names of deities or of great promoters of the science, are worthy of being retained, and the ancient names of the classics are to be respected." Those who have had no connexion with botanical science, cannot indeed receive honour by having their names associated with them. As Sir J. E. Smith remarked of the plant, named after George III, "Our beloved sovereign could derive no glory from the *Georgia* of Ehrhart."

The best names are those which give some indication of the nature, properties, or place of growth of plants; but a number of plants have been handed down to us from remote periods of antiquity, which have vague botanical names, formed on no plan of uniformity, so that the modern men of science can only guess at their origin. Yet the practice of changing names is attended with so much confusion, that many furnished by the ancients are retained as names of genera by the botanist. Such are *rosa* (the rose), *piper* (pepper), *figas* (fig), and others. These are too fixed to be altered now; but the modern disciple of Linnæus admits no new names of genera from any language but that of Latin or Greek, as, without this rule, the system would be encumbered with a larger number of uncouth words, formed from every language which is spoken by earth's inhabitants.

A RAMBLE ROUND DORKING.

"NAME," says Martin Tupper, "a third country town for beauty and cleanliness, and all that makes a place pleasant, worthy to be numbered with Dorking and Guildford." And, indeed, with respect to the former of these towns, we may truly say, that the loveliness of its situation, and the richly-varied scenery of its environs, combine to throw around it an interest which is almost unrivalled. A stroll about its pleasant neighbourhood, a little description, and a record of such sentiments as a survey of the whole may call forth in our minds, will form perhaps a not unreadable or uninteresting article.

We will not begin with the formulæ of the guide-books. Little advantage is it to know by what parish Dorking is bounded on the south, or what hamlet or town is contiguous to it on the north. All our statistics need only amount to this—that our town is twelve miles from Guildford, five from Letherhead, and six from Reigate. For all other numerical information—for the size of the place, the number of its inhabitants, the rate of mortality, and so forth—let the reader seek elsewhere. And, first, as to situation; it lieth in a valley through which the sluggish Mole windeth, but the town itself is by no means on a level; sundry slopes and hillocks, and abrupt risings, and gentle declivities, impart to Dorking its picturesque appearance.

Proceed towards the town, along the London-road, and having passed through the pretty vil-

lage of Mickleham, the woods and hills belonging to Norbury Park appear on your right. Not far from that noble estate is Fredley Farm, some years since the abode of Richard Sharpe, known by the cognomen of "Conversation Sharpe," the friend of many of our literary men. On the left of your route rises Box Hill, covered with foliage in some parts; here green with mossy undulations; there grey and scathed as by some wintry blast. At the foot of the hill, behold the Burford Bridge Hotel, renowned as the hymeneal resort of newly-married couples. There, under the shade of an apple-tree in the garden, Hazlitt sat through a long summer morning, and read the "Astronomical Discourses;" and there Keats wrote the greater portion of one of his poems. A pleasanter spot could scarcely be chosen by a poet, considering the distance from London. We can fancy him climbing the hill-side, and walking along its summit, now catching far-distant views of beauty, and now luxuriating in delicious bits of near landscape, in young plantations and mossy tracks cleared out for the sportsman, with rough, jagged promontories or open moorland.

Keeping our course along the road, and passing under an arch of the railway, we very soon come to the town itself. But ere we enter it, let us take the left hand road, which leads to Betchworth, Brockham, and Reigate. A delightful walk it is through Betchworth Park, under noble lime avenues of venerable majestic Spanish chesnuts, supposed to have been planted in the fourteenth century; and see, yonder is the ruin of the castle, where lived Abraham Tucker, author of the "Light of Nature"—a work regarded by Robert Hall as one "in which the noblest philosophy was brought down by a master hand, and placed within the reach of every man of sound understanding."

A few minutes more, and we are on a village green, where we are surrounded by the prettiest cottages, and, if not during school hours, by merry, happy children. This is Brockham, and at the Lodge lived and sang Captain Charles Morris, author of many well-known lyrics. He enjoyed what is popularly regarded as a life of pleasure; but in the evening of his days, when old companions were gone, he could only write thus:—

"My friends of youth, manhood, and age,
At length are all laid in the ground;
A unit I stand on life's stage,
With nothing but vacancy round.
I wander bewildered and lost,
Without impulse or interest in view;
And all hope of my heart is at most
Soon to bid this cold desert adieu!"

And now, instead of continuing our course along the Reigate-road, we will turn back to Dorking. We have already mentioned the beauty of its situation; but within the town itself there is nothing worthy of special notice, save one old house, now deserted and untenanted, which was for many years the residence of John Mason, author of "Self-Knowledge"—a work which is rising in estimation, and will probably always be in favour with a select and thoughtful class of readers. South of the town is Deepdene, the grounds and residence of Henry Thomas Hope, Esq., son of Thomas Hope, the author of "Anastastus."

For lane scenery, the neighbourhood of Dorking is perhaps unrivalled. Sometimes, lofty banks of sandstone rise on either side of you, covered with wild flowers, and tangled, knotted fibres of trees, some of which, eager to get a sure footing anywhere, have flung out their roots most fantastically; and oftentimes the green laced branches overhead are so close and interwoven that the sun, when it succeeds in shining through, casts only small circles of light upon the ground. One may wander for hours through these lanes, and find ever fresh delight: the alternations of light and shade, the song of the birds, the faint dreamy whispering of the trees, and, above all, the intense repose, makes them peculiarly grateful on a warm spring morning.

The near landscape and the distant view have each their votaries. We have heard it said that in the latter there is far more scope for imagination. This we do not believe; for if a man has imagination at all, the more circumscribed his vision, the more room is there for an exercise of that faculty. It was in prison that the glorious dreamer composed his allegory; it was when shut out from all external sights, that Milton produced his immortal epic. "The vision and the faculty divine" were rendered more piercing and discursive, inasmuch as the mind retired into itself, and surveyed its own chambers of imagery. But partial as we are to a limited range of objects, when wandering about the country, those who think differently will not find that Dorking is at all wanting in charms. Not to mention Box Hill again, witness the views from the Glory, from Denbies and Ranmore Common, from the Redland woods, and, above all, from Leith Hill. This far-famed spot deserves more than a passing notice. Camden, in his "Britannia," mentions it with high praise, and Dennis, the critic, whom Pope's poetry has rendered famous, appears to have given way to an unusual fit of admiration for this view. After mentioning in a letter to a friend some of the scenes in Italy which had most pleased him, the Valdarno from the Apennines, Rome and the Mediterranean from the mountains of Viterbo, and the Campagna of Rome from Tivoli and Frascati, he says: "But from a hill I passed in a late journey, I had a prospect more extensive than any of these, and which surpassed them at once in rural charms, pomp, and magnificence: the hill which I speak of is called Leith Hill, and is situated about six miles south of Dorking. It juts out about two miles beyond that range of hills which terminates the north Downs on the south. When I saw from one of those hills, at about two miles distance, that side of Leith Hill which faces the Downs, it appeared the most beautiful prospect I had ever seen. But after we had conquered the hill itself, I saw a sight which would transport a stoic—a sight that looked like enchantment, and a vision beatific. Beneath us lay open to our view all the wilds of Surrey and Sussex, and a great part of those of Kent, admirably diversified in every part of them with woods, and fields of corn and pasture, and everywhere adorned with stately rows of trees. This beautiful vale is about thirty miles in breadth and about sixty in length, and is terminated to the south by the majestic range of the southern hills

and the sea; and it is no easy matter to decide whether the hills, which appear thirty, forty, or fifty miles distance, with their tops in the sky, seem more awful and venerable, or the delicious vale between you and them more inviting.

"About noon, on a serene day, you may, at thirty miles distance, see the water of the sea, through a chasm of the mountain (that is, of the south Downs, called Beeting Gap;) and that, above all, which makes it a noble and wonderful prospect is, that, at the very time when, at thirty miles distance, you behold the very water of the sea, at the same time you behold to the southward the most delicious rural prospect in the world. At the same time, by a little turn of your head towards the north, you look full over Box Hill, and see the country beyond it between that and London; and over the very stomachers of it, see St. Paul's at twenty-five miles distance, and London beneath it, and Hampstead and Highgate beyond it."

Let the visitor to Leith Hill take the Guildford road, and, turning off by Wotton Hatch, leave Evelyn's woods and mansion on his right. Then, on horse or foot, he may pass through the Tillingbourne estate, and emerge on Broadmoor, one of the pleasantest spots for a day's pic-nic that can be met with even round Dorking. The valley is very green and mossy; for a little streamlet of the purest water winds through it. Here and there are scattered cottages, of the good old-fashioned rural kind, with no flaring red bricks, no yellow wash, or white wash of dazzling lustre to mar the harmony of the scene. The whole prospect is singularly peaceful and secluded. The hills which bound it are covered with fir trees, and in many parts heath and furze blossom abundantly. Here, too, may be found some of our sweetest wild flowers, among which we must especially mention the forget-me-not. The shortest route will very quickly bring us to the foot of Leith Hill, which on this side is soon mounted. Truly a noble prospect opens before us; but the quotation we have made, though not very graphic, is yet descriptive enough to prevent a further attempt. It is a refreshing spot, both for mind and body; a quiet resting-place for the jaded spirit.

Descending on another side of the hill, we may return to Dorking by Logmore Lane, a shady and pleasant route; or, if we please to lengthen our excursion, we can pass through the pretty village of Coldharbour, and thence on to Ockley, and back by the Holm-wood.

And now, reader, if still in a companionable mood, start again with me on the Guildford road. Yonder is Bury Hill, a park open to the public; while on the summit there is even a summer-house, for the benefit of the weary. This belongs to a famous London brewer. A little further, and we come to the pretty hamlet of Milton, and there, not far from the road, is Milton Court, once the residence of Jeremiah Markland, but now the abode of divers respectable families. Wescott next appears, a healthy village, with a new church rising on its hill-side; and almost within sight of it is the rookery, where Population Malthus concocted his most unamiable theory. Through the grounds is a right of way for horse and foot passengers, and many a pleasant view may be had from them.

Keeping the road, we soon come again to the afore-mentioned Wotton Hatch, where all who relish good plain English fare will find it in perfection. Wotton Church, too, is close at hand, surrounded on all sides by tall and beautiful trees. It is an old worn building, but very memorable as the burial-place of John Evelyn, the well-known diarist. Wotton House, which is not far distant, stands in a green and beautiful valley, and is backed by those majestic beech groves which have become classic by association. How grandly some of the trees stand out from the rest! What clear smooth trunks! What sturdy arms! What darkly green foliage! We remember, on the first opening of the Crystal Palace, spending one bright and happy day within its walls, but the next was passed in these woods; and though we looked upon the one conception as unique in the history of man, yet never did we pass from the works of men to the works of God with a profounder sense of the sustaining and permanent satisfaction to be derived from the latter. A noble tree especially has a strange power over one's mind. There is something almost human in it; many an analogy might we find between trees and men. See how they stand, rooted in earth, yet ever aspiring, looking upwards to heaven; now covered with foliage, and rich with all the luxuriance of youth; now bare and shorn, fit only to be cut down and removed from our sight. In some we have blossoms without fruit; in others more fruit than we expected from the blossom; some are hardy and independent, while others require support and assistance; some are useful in a thousand ways—for food, for fuel, for shelter, for medicine; but others have nothing to show but their thorns. Who is there that will deny that mere life amid such scenes is a blessing, with the deep blue sky above us, and the sun sparkling through the foliage, the soft moss at our feet, the pleasant smoke of wood fires, the distant sound of the sheep bell, the herdsman's whistle, and the "crush of the wood-pigeon's note?" All these, though very simple sights and sounds, are enough, when combined, to satisfy a poet's fancy, and certainly to administer to the delight of humble prose lovers of nature like ourselves.

Ramble with us, reader, over Abinger Common, or through Friday-street, (how unlike its namesake in Cheapside!) and with a pleasant companion at your side you will acknowledge that in "such moments there is life and food for future years."

Our space warns us to conclude. It has been pleasant to us to linger over scenes so well known and so deeply loved; pleasant to mention, even by name, spots which are so fondly and irrevocably linked to our affections. It is in quiet retired parts of the country alone that the character of our rural population can be understood and appreciated. In peaceful hamlets and wayside cottages, the man that has music in his own soul will find much that is beautiful and much that is impressive. In the simple scenes of nature, too, the man of cultivated mind will find the richest materials for thought. He needs not grand scenery in order to receive grand ideas. Let him stoop to nature—if it may be called stooping—let him listen to her faintest utterances and learn her humblest lessons, and in proportion as he does this will he gain, if not a new sense and a new mental

power, yet a vivifying consciousness and perception to which he has been hitherto a stranger.

Above all, in solitude and retirement may he commune with his own spirit, and learn to "look through nature up to nature's God."

TRANQUILLITY IN DEATH.

RELIGION is not a cunningly devised fable; and they who disbelieve its doctrines, make void its obligations and despise its ordinances, are sometimes left by the horrors of an unblessed death to give warning to others not to follow them in their lives, lest they resemble them also in their latter end—an end at all times dark and cheerless, and sometimes exhibiting features of guilt and wretchedness from which humanity recoils; and it is a sensible relief to the mind to turn from such a scene, and contrast with it the peace and serenity that shed a tranquil air over the closing hours of the just!

Peace in death is the effect of a good man's principles. For that which made his life peaceful, will also pacify at death. It is not the remembrance of a well-spent life, nor any confidence in the flesh that he is personally righteous before God and need fear nothing; but it is the steadfast reliance on the Saviour for pardon and acceptance, which tranquilizes the soul in death, and puts to flight its rising fears. Hope also comes in, and tells of the glory of Christ in heaven, and the mansions of glory which he has prepared for his followers there; and Love concludes that to depart and be with Christ is far better, and therefore death ceases to be an object of dread and dismay. Thus the principles of grace that wrought peace through life, produce it at the hour of death. "All these," says the Apostle, "died in faith;" and they who die in faith die in peace.

As there is a promise of strength according to our day, and an assurance from Christ that his grace is sufficient for us, so the day of death hath its peculiar strength granted it; and special grace is allotted for that time of need. The Lord knows that more than ordinary help is then needful, and it is given. His glory is concerned to uphold them in that hour, and though their hearts and their flesh faint and fail, he is the strength of their heart, and their portion for ever. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee," (Isa. xlii. 2). He rebukes the enemy, silences the accuser, and speaks his own peace to the believing soul. He will not perhaps give rapture and the voice of triumph; but though the believer should not be able to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" it is enough if he can say, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit; for thou hast redeemed me, Lord God of truth!"

This is peace, the peace of redeemed souls, expiring in faith, and with meek resignation submitting to death in the hope of eternal life. When we mark the perfect man, his latter end is peace. — *Dr. Sieveright's "Memorials of a Ministry."*